

TERMS. One dollar and seventy-five cents per annum if paid in advance; Two dollars if paid within the year; Two dollars and fifty cents if payment is delayed beyond the year.  
Any person who will obtain six good subscribers, shall be entitled to a seventh copy for one year.  
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.  
Postmasters are permitted by law to frank all subscriptions and remittances for newspapers, without expense to subscribers.

## MAINE FARMER.

"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

### How should woodlands be managed?

This, in many parts of our State, is beginning to be a question of no small importance. South and west of us, we believe it has become the settled conviction of farmers, that it is best to cut the wood off clean as you go, and leave the suckers from the old roots, or the new seeds which may be called into action by the power of the sun and air, to fill up the ground as fast as the growth will allow, and that is pretty fast. But in this section of the State, there seem to be doubts yet among farmers, which is the best course to pursue. Some adopt the above plan, but we believe the most of people cut off the older trees and leave the younger to increase in size by age. One of the best woodlots that we ever saw in Maine, was managed in this way, but it was owned by a very careful man, who did not manage in quite so slovenly and careless way as many do. He was careful to cut the old trees clean as he went along, and at the same time thinned out the younger growth, so that he could not only get about among it without breaking or running over any of the young trees, and in this way the influences of the sun and air, which are essential to the growth of vegetation, could be felt by the trees, and their growth was much accelerated thereby. This mode, it is true, amounts very nearly to that mentioned. We are inclined to think that the growth of our wood is not quite so rapid as that of the same species in Massachusetts, and farther south. It is, therefore, more important to manage it in such a way that the greatest growth shall accrue in a given time.

On our seaboard, and on our rivers, coal is much used, and the wood will therefore be in less demand, or in other words, there will not be so much used, unless it can be afforded at a price that will make it more economical than coal. But in many parts of the interior there has been so much improvidence in regard to the preservation of wood, that there really begins to be a scarcity. In such situations it is absolutely necessary that care and attention should be bestowed upon the woodlot.

We should like to hear from some of our observing and matter-of-fact farmers upon the subject.

**Ancient Prayer to Ward off Rust in Wheat.**  
Ever since the cultivation of wheat has engrossed the attention of mankind, they have had to contend against the evils of insects and the destructive effects of disease, which oftentimes swept away both the crops and the hopes of the farmer.

We know by scripture, that the cultivators among the ancient Jews had to contend with all these difficulties.

"I have smitten you," says the prophet Amos, "with blasting and mildew; when your gardens and your vineyards, and your fig trees, and your olive trees increased, the palm tree was destroyed them."

"I smote you with blasting and mildew, and with hail in all the labors of your hands." (Hosai 11, 17.)

A writer upon this subject, translates a prayer that was in use by the Greeks and Romans, when supplicating their Deities, to ward off this calamity. It seemed that they understood right well the effects of the disease, but in the darkness of their minds, as it regarded moral and religious questions, they attributed it to the dispensation of a certain deity, whose special duty it was to destroy the crops, unless appeased by sacrifices and prayers.

The following is the prayer used on this occasion, while sacrificing to Rubigo, the deity in question.

"O, blighting Rubigo, spare the corn plants, and let the ear wave gently over the surface of the earth; suffer the crops which have been nourished by the propitious stars of Heaven to grow until they become fit for the sickle.

"This is no small power; the crops thou hast marked, the dispirited cultivator reckons as lost. Neither winds, nor showers, so much injure the corn; neither when bitten by the frost does it acquire a hue so pallid, as the sun fervently heats the moist stalks; then, oh! dread Goddess, is the opportunity for thy wrath;—be merciful, I pray, and withhold thy rusting hands from the crops; nor harm the cultivated land: it is sufficient to be able to do harm."

### The Cultivator.

We have received No. 1 of a new series of the Cultivator, published in Albany, by Luther Tucker, and edited by Willis Gaylord, and Luther Tucker, with whom they have associated our old friend, Sanford Howard, well known in this country as a zealous practical Farmer. We can vouch for his fidelity to the cause, having stood shoulder to shoulder with him in darker times to Agriculture than the present.

The appearance of the Cultivator is much improved, its form being changed from a quarto, to a royal octavo, and the type, embellishments and execution all new and neat.

It is printed once per month, at one dollar per year. The Farmers Museum is issued at the same office, and contains one half the matter that the Cultivator does, at fifty cents per year.

Subscriptions will be received at this office, where specimens of the work can be examined.

### Monument to Robert Morris.

If monuments ought to be erected to perpetuate the memory of any body, one ought to be erected to Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution. Those who have read our last number, will see at once that he was as essential to our success in that struggle as Washington himself, and perhaps a little more so, for we had many other Generals in the army who would probably have been as successful as Washington, had they been placed in his situation; but we do not know of another individual who could have been so successful in conjuring up the means of paying the expenses of the war, as was Morris.

It is true that he made no noise about it—there was no flourish of trumpets when he moved. There was no army of armed men to give show and splendor to his operations. His part in the Revolution was as noiseless as the falling dew on the grass, and yet as necessary, as effective, and as conducive to the wished for event, as is that element to the success of the harvest.



## A Family Newspaper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c. &c.

VOL. XII.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1844.

NO. 2.

While others of Revolutionary memory have received substantial tokens of their country's gratitude, this man has been neglected. Nay, if we mistake not, he was neglected shamefully while living, for we believe that he experienced great reverses of fortune, and died comparatively poor. It is too late to do aught for him personally now, but a returning sense of gratitude can show itself by some enduring form of remembrance than it has ever hitherto done, and so place him in the front rank of worthies, that his merit shall always be recognised, and his services rightly appreciated as long as republican virtue exists.

### Acorns.

It is said that the acorn used to be used for food, in ancient days, and hence its name acorn, or eyke corn, or corn of the eyke tree, which we now call oak tree.

We think it is pretty hard times now, when we have the best of real corn, and the best of mills to grind it, and the best of bolts to bolt or sift it, and the best of cooks to cook it and put it before us, all smoking hot, ready to be eaten. How should we make it, if we had to shake oaks for a living, and do our grinding of the oakcorn with our jaws? Verily our horses fare better than mankind used to, in the times of the "iron age." And yet it is confounded hard times with us.

POSTAGE. As Congress is about to reform the post office department, by changing the rates of postage, &c., would it not be well to introduce a provision by which seeds, in weight not exceeding perhaps half an ounce, might be transmitted by post, without extra charge upon a letter or package containing them. It appears to us that such a provision would be productive of great good to the country, as the improvement of agriculture is an improvement of all interests.

We copy the above suggestion from the Belfast Republican, and we like it much. We believe that there is a special permit for the Commissioner of the Patent Office, to transmit and receive seeds by mail, and he has done great good by the means.

We hope such a provision will be incorporated into the new law, as will allow packages, of a certain weight, to be passed through the office at a low rate of postage.

### Necessity of Warmth and Shelter in Winter for Stock.

DEAR SIR:—It is frequently asked by young farmers, what kind of domestic animals and stock is it advantageous to afford warm and comfortable winter quarters? The answer is—to all; from hens and chickens, to the horse and ox. There is a great economy of food in affording shelter to all that breathe in a cold climate, and to all animals that we wish to fatten, perfect quietude, or freedom from muscular exertion is not less important.

All the food given to animals, goes to supply the waste in the system produced by the vital functions and muscular exertion, keeping the system in statu quo, or increasing its bulk and weight by addition, in full-grown animals, in fat, or in keeping up a supply of heat to the body. In cold weather, a very large portion of the food is expended in generating heat, and just so much lost to the production of fat, milk, eggs, &c.

The necessity of generating animal heat from the carbon and hydrogen of the food, increases with the severity of the weather, for the faster the heat is abstracted from the body by the atmosphere, the faster it must be supplied. We know of no other source of animal heat than the oxidation of the elements of food by breathing, and their passing out of the body in the form of vapor, of water and carbonic gas. All the food, then, that is thus burnt to keep up the heat of the body, is lost in nutrition. Artificial warmth, then, either from shelter or clothing, supplies the place of food—of that food thus expended to produce necessary heat, would go, if that were supplied from other sources, to the formation of fat, or the supply of waste.

All muscular exertion, everything that increases the frequency of breathing, causes waste, which must be supplied before any increase in fat or milk, or muscle, can take place. Hard work, active exertion, and quick breathing, cause a rapid waste of the parts of the system. This must be supplied by food before there can be any addition. Without such waste, the same food would go to increase the weight and bulk of the body. When animals are kept warm, clean, and quiet, about one-half the nutritious matter (if it be diffused through a bulk sufficient for proper distention of the organs of nutrition) that is necessary to a wretched shivering existence, exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, will keep them in a fine condition. And good shelter and warm clothing even cost much less in the course of few years, than large daily supplies of food, necessary to vital warmth, and expended and lost, in producing it.

Independently of the question of economy of food, there is great comfort to a humane man in seeing all living things around him comfortable; and especially those to whom he is largely indebted for those comforts which he enjoys. Even when there are ample supplies of food to waste in keeping animals warm, still they suffer in very cold weather, if unprotected from cold winds, sleet and snow. And it is painful to see them drawn up and shivering, turning their mute supplicating countenances to their masters, for protection from the pitiless inclemency of the weather.

The subject of these brief hints is so ably treated, and fully demonstrated, in Liebig's Animal Chemistry, that it is greatly to be desired that his work should be in the hands of not the few scientific men only, but of the people; and I should be greatly pleased to see an edition of it, in which the language in which so much important truth is embodied, should be adapted to popular comprehension. Many persons will not read it, and others will not understand it, in its present translation. His facts and the unavoidable deductions from them, being to us a new era in physiology. Starting points that have not been approached before, seem to have been reached, and a new direction will be given to our researches, and a more profitable one, for we shall seek attainable objects. We are yet barely in the dawn of the application of the inductive philosophy, and centuries will pass over before mankind will be fully aware of the obligations they owe to Lord Bacon.

[American Agriculturist.]

### Hereford Cattle.

Mr. Editor:—A friend has forwarded me your last paper, that I might peruse a letter from Mr. Thomas Thompson, Prospect Farm. I have read it carefully, but do not see anything to the point; and I am at a loss how to take it, whether intended as a compliment or a sneer for the

me. I like to see a man flourish his pen without fear, and tell plainly what he means and not insinuate. Can Mr. T. point out to me one breeder in Herefordshire, that gives his calves new milk from two cows? if not, he has no right to assert this; hear-say is no proof. If he is a descendant of Messrs. Randall & Hepburn, &c., and has read Youatt, that is no foundation to rest such an assertion upon. Youatt is no guide for a practical man. I can name two breeders in this State, who have said it, and I know one of them who will say so publicly. Nor do I believe he can maintain that Herefordshire calves have new milk in any way, except when fed by the butcher.

Again—he says lined jelly will make a larger, better, fatter calf, than any thing else. I know this assertion is proved by practice, and I will leave him to prove it by trial; he cannot give a young calf beyond a limited quantity; it will do more harm than good; and that limit is not equal to new milk—let Mr. T. try it, and then state his experience.

The only bull calf I saved, I let run with the cow, and he came to house fat; but my heifers and steers came thin; they neither had jelly nor milk, after the 1st of June, nor shall they have a particle of meal of any description, if I know it. I decline feeding high for breeding stock, altogether; if a calf is forced, that forcing must be continued, and I know it will not pay. I know many breeders who have ruined their stock from high keeping, and then are at a loss to tell the public the true cause. My feed this winter, will be ruta-baga and hay, the best feed of any, for calves.

I suppose Mr. T. alludes to Mr. Rhodes, of Islington, for his 1000 milkers; and to Mr. Laycock, of the same place, for his 700; if so, he is mistaken. I have frequently examined both herds. They are not Short-horns; they are what are called in England, old-fashioned Durhams, or Yorkshires. I did not see one of the Improved Short-horns or Herd Book animals, in either herd.

I will grant the old fashioned Durham is the best breed for city milking establishments; they give a great quantity, but inferior quality, except in a few instances; and when they give quality, they are truly extraordinary; nor do they want any "milk and water" letters to puff them; they however, consume a great quantity of food over a Hereford. To contend with this breed, I want allowance made for food, each having it weighed to them.

The Improved Short-horns, although great consumers, I ask nothing for; they may stand side by side, and both be fed alike, although I consider less feed a very prominent point. And I agree with Mr. Bates, of Kirkcaldy, that there are but very few of the best Short-horns. The Yorkshires are abundant; there are good and bad of that breed as well as of every other. I took it for granted, that every reasonable man would make the allowance for my "young things."

I have but four yearling heifers, and I will show three of them, at three years old, against Mr. T. or his reporter's Short-horns, for milking, symmetry, and quality, separately or collectively. Mr. T. may call this boasting, but I call it right principle. I will not boast of beating, if the challenge is not accepted. I want a fair trial. And I repeat for the Cabinet, what I have done for the Agriculturist and Cultivator; that I will show from six to ten breeding cows, and a bull, all pure Herefords, against a similar number of any breed in the United States, for beauty, symmetry, quality, milking, and activity for breeding working oxen, for a premium of a silver tankard, value \$50, and meet the acceptor half way. This may be deemed boasting; I do it to defend, and not to brag; and I say it is the only means of arriving at trustworthy knowledge. I shall name my judges; my opponent may have the choice of the other two, if he is disposed.

I have no fears in relation to profit from native cattle. What I should call boasting, would be for a man to boast of having beaten twelve three-year olds, with twelve aged, tried cows; when I do this, you may call me a brag.

I like bold assertions well maintained; and I want to come to trial with the Short-horns. You may hear from me again if you wish it.

WM. H. SOTHAM.

Hereford Hall, near Albany, Nov. 20, 1843.

**FARMS AND CROPS.**—It gives me great pleasure to present to our readers the Report of the Committee on Farms and Crops of the Washington County Agricultural Society. All who feel an interest in this section of the State, should get its prominent points by heart, so that when assailed "at the Westward," about "Down East," they may be available for defence. The facts presented will astonish some, we doubt not. A gentleman, professedly conversant with the capabilities of this region of country, has often assured us that onions would "come to nothing hereabout," but it seems that they did come to something. Perry, the past season, and that Nathan Pattangall, Esq., obtained a premium for the "best."

The price of the labor fixed by the Committee, on Mr. John Loring's farm, strikes us as rather too low; were the estimate, however, to be doubled, the net value of the produce would still be enough to satisfy every body, that farming, in the hands of skillful and industrious men, may be a business of very considerable profit. As for the farmer of a contrary description—"the sluggard, who will not plow by reason of the cold," Solomon said long ago, that "he shall beg in harvest and have nothing."

The Agricultural Society is really doing wonders. The good it is accomplishing is every where seen and felt. It has already caused "two blades of grass to grow, where only one grew, before," and improvements in stock and buildings are becoming manifest. It is for the interest of all classes to encourage it, and to aid its funds, and we trust that none will refuse to do either. With greater attention to the fisheries, and a better use of its fine position for carrying on a trade with the West Indies, may soon cease to need the "Colonial Trade," which lost by McLane's arrangement in 1830, and which, from present indications, will not soon be restored.—Eastport Sentinel.

### Washington County Agricultural Society.

Report of the Committee on Crops, Farms, &c.  
The undersigned report that they have examined the returns of crops, and specimens of produce brought before them, and have awarded the following premiums:

To William McGlofin, for the best crop of wheat, \$5.00  
" Seth Gerry, for second best do. do. 4.00  
" Leonard Fisher, for best crop of Indian corn, 4.00  
" Eben. Fisher, for second best do. do. 3.00  
" William Tarbell, for best crop of white beans, 3.00  
" Wm. E. Dana, for best crop of oats, 3.00  
" John McGlofin, for greatest quantity of good varieties of garden seeds, 2.00  
" John Loring for greatest quantity of vegetables and roots raised on farm, 2.00  
" Nathan Pattangall, for best crop of ruta-baga, 3.00  
To Nathan Pattangall, for best crop of onions, \$1.00  
" John Kilby, for best crop of 'white blue nose' potatoes, 6.00  
To Seth Gerry for the second best crop of 'white blue nose potatoes,' 4.00  
" John Loring, for greatest crop of potatoes, 6.00  
To John Kilby, for second best crop of potatoes, 4.00  
" Leonard Fisher, for best specimen of seed corn, 1.00  
" Robinson Lincoln, for greatest crop of hay, 4.00  
To John McGlofin, for the greatest produce on 15 square rods, 3.00  
" Almond Harrell, for the best quality of apples, 1.00  
" Wm. D. Dana, for the best plums, 1.00

The first premium of \$7.00 was awarded to John Loring, for the best managed and most productive farm. His farm (as well as those of the two others who drew premiums) was personally examined by the Committee, particularly with reference to the quantity of produce raised upon it this year; and the following abstract of returns made by him, are allowed to be correct and satisfactory.

There were raised, on 30 acres of mowing-land 60 tons of hay, at \$10 a ton \$600.00  
Potatoes, on five acres and 36 rods 2100 bushels valued at 325.00  
Turnips, on one acre, 540 bushels, 135.00  
Beets, 7 bushels, 1.75  
Wheat, on 3 1-2 acres, 70 bushels, 70.00  
Oats, on 3-4 acre, 30 bushels, 9.00  
Wheat and Oat straw, 25.00

The labor bestowed in its cultivation was as follows:—  
His own labor and attention for 7 months, estimated at \$140.00  
One hired man, for 7 months at \$7 per month, 49.00  
His own two boys, for 7 months, labor estimated at \$5 each, 70.00  
One yoke of oxen, and one horse for 7 months, at \$5 each per month, 70.00  
Transient help, 10.00  
\$339.00

Received for hire of horse, and oxen, and own labor, in this time, \$89.00  
\$428.00

His stock wintered in 1843 and '44, was as follows: 6 cows, 2 three year old bulls, 5 cattle 2 years old, 6 calves, 26 sheep, 2 swine not killed and weighing 983 lbs.

Whole number of acres on farm, 40 1-2.  
The second premium of \$6.00, was given to Thompson Lincoln, whose farm and lot consists of 175 acres, 47 of which are mowing and tillage. Four acres of it were appropriated to potatoes, and five to grain.

His farm was commenced 19 years ago. He raised, this year, 30 tons of hay, 450 bushels of white blue-nose potatoes, 550 of other kinds, 45 bushels of wheat, 40 bushels of oats, 20 bushels of barley, 14 bush. rye, and 1-4 of an acre of turnips, producing 220 bushels.—The whole labor bestowed on the farm was that of himself and his two boys— one 15 and the other 11 years of age. He keeps 7 cows, and has sold this season 660 lbs. of butter. He keeps 11 head of horned cattle, in all; 1 horse, 30 sheep, &c.

The third premium, of \$4.00, was awarded to Isaac Reed, whose farm consisted of 48 1-4 acres, of which 30 acres are mowing, 12 of pasture, and 6 1-4 of tillage. With the exception of one month's hire of one hand in haying, and a few days in planting, Mr. Reed with his two sons, one 16 and the other 12 years of age, did the whole of the work on his farm, besides cultivating another farm of more than equal extent, on which they think that they performed an equal amount of labor. They raised 400 bushels of white blue-nose potatoes, 600 bushels of white potatoes, 100 bushels of Bucksters, and 300 bushels of other kinds; 30 tons of hay, 30 bushels of wheat, 10 bushels of oats, 1 bushel of beans. He keeps 7 cows, 2 oxen, 15 head of cattle in all, a horse, and 15 sheep, &c.

Several other farms were examined, which exhibited great returns for the amount of labor bestowed upon them, and a more favorable season will increase their productions materially.

EDMUND LINCOLN, Chairman.

"The ground on which this crop was raised, consisted of 44 1-2 sq. rods green-sward, ploughed on the 15th June—which for the two last years had not produced more than half a ton of hay to the acre. The manure used was compost—40 cart loads to the acre—made of three loads of sheep manure, three of salt marsh mud, and the rest of peat-muck. The seed was sown on the 20th of June. The ground consisted of 307 bushels.

The statements made with this entry were that the ground on which the potatoes were raised had been used for the 14 previous years for mowing land, and had been without any dressing during that time. The ground was broke up in October, at which time 20 loads of rock-wood to the acre were ploughed in. When the potatoes were planted, (from the 20th to the 30th of May) about 20 loads to the acre of stable manure were placed in the furrows. The potatoes were hoed twice, and harvested from Sept. 27th to Oct. 3d. There were 488 bushels to the acre, all measured in barrels, at 2 1-2 bushels to the barrel.

This crop of potatoes consisted of 1600 bushels of several kinds of potatoes, on 12 acres, 116 rods of very indifferent grass-land ploughed in the previous fall, manured when planted, with about 35 loads of compost of barn manure and sea-weed, to the acre. Planted from June 3d to 16th.

The land on which this hay grew had been tilled for two previous years, for potatoes and wheat. This year there were 12 loads of rock-wood to the acre applied to it, and there was estimated to be 5 tons cut from one acre and 14 1-2 rods.

### The Season.

Old winter's come in earnest,  
Look how the cheerful weather  
Is scattering about us  
Ice and snow together.

The nightly winds marauding  
Like a gang of thieves,  
Have stripped the "book of nature"  
Of nearly all its leaves.

Hushed are the frogs and crickets,  
The birds no longer flit,  
For they have had, like tenants,  
Due notices to quit.

The skies are fickle-minded,  
They scowl by turns and smile,  
Yet smile so grudgingly, they seem  
Half scowling all the while.

But let no one presume to say,  
That Nature is perverse;  
If you had power to change her course,  
You'd only make it worse.

The following interesting letter we copy from the Boston Courier. We suppose, if we read the initials right, it is from the pen of Mrs. Child. It gives an interesting view of the condition of the poor in large cities. The question has often occurred to us—why are there so many poor there? Why do people crowd into cities, and undergo privations, and sink into vice and degradation and starve, when there is such a broad field for their exertion—such a glorious and wide-spread country, waiting for some one to come and cultivate it, and be filled with bread? The hills and dales and prairies of the west, and the forests of the east, afford chances innumerable, where they might plant themselves, and with a common share of industry, soon have a comfortable and permanent home of their own. O that we had a voice loud enough to startle the ear of every poor, starving, shivering wretch in our cities, with the fact that they are out of their places. To tell them that, instead of huddling themselves together in such masses, where the weak must inevitably sink and become serfs and slaves to the strong, they should come out into the open fields and toil and dig and become independent—that instead of begging the cast off covering of their fellow worms, they could raise and make clothes enough for themselves—that instead of grabbing and quarrelling for the garbage of the rich man's table, they could bring the best of food up from the willing earth, and eat and be filled and have a store for the future—that instead of freezing in the miserable tenements for lack of fuel, the brave old woods of the country are so full of it that it is wasting and mouldering away again to the dust from which it sprang. Come to the country—leave the abodes of misery—fly from the haunts of wretchedness, and fill up the wide domain that stretches across the whole continent, from the shores of the Oregon to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. There is land enough and to spare, and it never refuses a return to the diligent hand that cultivates it aright. [Ed. Me. Far.]

### Letter from New-York.

To-day is Christmas. For several days past, cart-loads of evergreens have passed my windows, the pure snow falling on them, soft and still as a blessing. To-day, churches are wreathed in evergreen, altars are illuminated, and the bells sound joyfully in Gloria Excelsa. Thousands of worshippers are going up to their altars, in Greek, Syrian, Armenian, Roman and English churches. Eighteen hundred years ago, a poor babe was born in a stable, and a few lonely shepherds heard heavenly voices, soft warbling over the moonlit hills, proclaiming "Peace on earth and good will toward men." Earth made no response to the chorus. It only enters angels' unwares. When the HOLY ONE came among them, they mocked and crucified him. But now the stars in their midnight course, listen to millions of human voices, and deep organ tones struggling to get upward, vainly striving to express the hopes and aspirations, which that advent concentrated from the past, and prophesied for the future. From East to West, from North to South, men chant hymns of praise to the despised Nazarene, and kneel in worship before his cross. How beautiful is this universal homage to the Principle of love—that feminine principle of the universe, the true centre of Christianity. It is the divine idea which distinguishes it from all other religions, and yet the idea in which Christian nations evince so little faith, that one would think they kept only to swear by, that gospel which says "Swear not at all."

Centuries have passed, and through infinite conflicts have "ushered in our brief to-day," and is there peace and good will among men? Since faith in the words of Jesus would soon fulfil the prophecy which angels sung. But the world persists in saying, "This doctrine of unqualified forgiveness and perfect love, though beautiful and holy, cannot be carried into practice now; men are not yet prepared for it." The same spirit says, "It would not be safe to emancipate slaves; they cannot fit men for freedom, or war ever lead to nations into peace." Yet men who gravely utter those excuses, laugh at the shallow wit of that timid mother, who declared that her son should never enter into the water till he had learned to swim.

Those who have dared to trust the principles of peace, have always found them perfectly safe. It can never prove otherwise, if accompanied by the declaration that such a course is the result of Christian principle, and a deep friendliness for humanity. Who seemed so little unlikely to understand such a position as the Indians of North America? Yet how readily they laid down the tomahawk and scalping knife at the feet of William Penn!—With what humble sorrow they apologized for killing the only two Quakers they were ever known to attack! "The men carried arms," said they, "and therefore we did not know they were not fighters. We thought they pretended to be Quakers, because they were cowards." The savages of the East, who murdered Lyman and Munson, made the same excuse. "They carried arms," said they, "and so we supposed they were not Christian missionaries, but enemies. We would have done them no harm if we had known they were men of God."

If a nation could but attain to such high wisdom as to abjure war, and proclaim to all the earth, "We will not fight, under any provocation. If other nations have sought against us, we will settle the question by umpires mutually chosen." Think you that a nation would dare to make war upon such a people? Nay, verily, they would be instinctively ashamed of such an act, as men are now ashamed to attack a woman or a child. Even if men were found mean enough to pursue such a course, the whole civilized world would cry upon them,

and by universal consent brand them as potrooms and assassins. And assassins they would be, even in the common acceptance of the term. I have read of a certain regiment ordered to march into a small town, (in the Tyrol, I think) and take it. It chanced that the place was settled by a colony who believed in the gospel of Christ, and prove their faith by works. A courier from a neighboring village informed them that troops were advancing to take the town. They quietly answered, "If they will take it, they must." Soldiers soon came riding in, with colors flying, and firing the shrill defiance. They looked round for an enemy, and saw the farmer at his plough, the blacksmith at his anvil, and the women at their churns and spinning wheels. Babies crowded to hear the music, and boys ran out to see the pretty train, with feathers and bright buttons, "the harlequins of the nineteenth century." Of course, none of these were in a proper position to be shot at. "Where are your soldiers?" they asked. "We have none," was the brief reply. "But we have come to take the town." "Well friends, it lies before you." "But there is nobody here to fight?" "No; we are all Christians."

Here was an emergency altogether unprovided for by the military schools. This was a sort of resistance which no bullet could hit; a fortress perfectly bomb proof. The commander was perplexed. "If there is nobody to fight with, of course we cannot fight," said he. "It is impossible to take such a town as this." So he ordered the horses heads to be turned about, and they carried the human animals out of the village, as guiltless as they had entered, and perchance somewhat wiser.

This experiment on a small scale indicates how easy it would be to dispense with armies and armies if men only had faith in the religion they profess to believe. When France lately reduced her army, England immediately did the same; for the existence of one army creates the necessity of another, unless men are safely ensconced in the bomb-proof fortress above mentioned.

The doctrines of Jesus are not beautiful abstractions, but living vital truths. There is in them no elaborate calculation of consequences, but simply the divine impulse uttered. They are few and simple, but infinite in spirit, and of universal application. Like the algebraic X they stand for the unknown quantity, and, if consulted aright, always give the true answer. The world has been deluged with arguments about war, slavery, &c., and the result is, that them all is simply an enlightened application of the maxims of Jesus. We mortals see truth in fragments, and try to trace upward to its origin by painful analysis. In this there is no growth. All creation, all life, is evolved by the opposite process. We must reverence truth. We must have that faith in it, of which action is the appropriate form; and in the progress we have sought for so painfully, will unfold upon us, as naturally as the seed expands into blossom, the truth of the seed expands into blossom, the truth of the seed expands into blossom, the truth of the seed expands into blossom.

I did not mean to preach a sermon. But the evergreens, and the music from the neighboring churches carried me back to the hillsides of Palestine, and my spirit involuntarily began to ask, what response does the earth now give to that chorus of peace and good will.

It matters little that Christ was not born on that day, which the church has chosen to commemorate his birth. The associations twined round it for nearly centuries have consecrated it to my mind. Nor am I indifferent to the fact that it was the old Roman festival for the Birth of the Sun. As a form of their religious idea it is interesting to me; and I see peculiar beauty in this identifying the natural sun with the advent of the Sun of Righteousness, which, in an infinitely higher sense, enlightens and vivifies the nations. The lesson taught by the Jews was probably born in the spring; because the Jewish people were at that season, enroled for taxation, and this was the business which carried Joseph and Mary to Bethlehem;—and because the shepherds of Syria would not be watching their flocks in the open air in the cold months. To these reasons, Swedenborgians would add another; for, according to the Doctrine of Correspondence unfolded by their distinguished seer, "Spring corresponds to Peace; that diapason note, from which all growth rises in harmonious order."

But I am willing to accept this wintry anniversary, and take it to my heart. As the sun now begins to return to us, so may the truth and love which he typifies, gradually irradiate and warm the globe. The Romans kept their festival with social feasts and nutcracker gills; and the windows of New York are to-day filled with all forms of luxury and splendor, to tempt the wealthy, who are making up Christmas boxes for family and friends. Many are the rich jewels and shining stuffs that day bestowed by affection or vanity. In this I have no share; but if I were as rich as John Jacob Astor, and not so fearful of poverty as he is said to be, I would this day go to the shop of Baronto, a poor Italian artist, in Orchard-street, buy all he has and give freely to every one who enjoys forms of beauty. There are hidden in that small obscure workshop some little gems of art. Alabaster nymphs, antique urns of agate, and Hebe vases of the costly Verde de Prato. There is something that moves me strangely in those old Grecian forms.—They stand like petrified melodies from the world's youthful heart. I would like to buy out Baronto every Christmas, and mix with his "fair humanity of Christendom" with the Madonnas and Saviors of a more spiritual time.

A friend of mine who has no money to spend for jewels, or silks, or even antique vases, has employed his Christmas more wisely than this; and in his action there is more angelic mien, than in those divine old statues. He filled a basket full of cakes, and went forth into our most miserable streets, and distribute them among hungry children to Heavens little dirty faces peeped behind him, round street corners, and laughed from behind open gates! How their eyes sparkled as they led along some shivering barefooted urchin, and cried out, "This boy has had no cake sir!" Sometimes a greedy lad would get two shares by false pretences; but this was no conclusive proof of total depravity, in children who never sit calmly down to their Christmas. No wonder the stranger with his basket created so prodigious sensation. Mothers came to see who it was that had been so kind to their little ones. Every one had a story to tell of health ruined by hard work, of sickly children, or drunken husbands. It was a genuine outpouring of hearts. An honest son of Emerald Isle stood by, rubbing his head, and exclaimed, "Did my eyes ever see the like o' that? A gentleman giving cake to folk he don't know and never asking a bit o' money for the same!"

Alas, eighteen centuries ago, that chorus of good will was sung, and yet so simple an act of sympathizing kindness











